POEMS from ARABESQUE

By

YOLANDE LANGWORTHY

Esther T. Coy
Akron
Ohio.

signed

Poems from Arabesque

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ILLUSTRATED BY KURT WIESE

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Grateful Appreciation

IT is with a full heart that I wish to show my appreciation to the Columbia Broadcasting System — for it was through their co-operation that I reached out to the thousands of friends who have called Arabesque one of the most loved features on the air.

YOLANDE LANGWORTHY.

To C. D. L.

Drifting Sands and a Caravan

DRIFTING sands and a caravan, the desert's endless space.
Lustrous eyes 'neath Eastern skies, and a woman's veilèd face.

Brigands bold on their Arab steeds, trampling all in their wake,
From out of the mystic Eastern lore one page from the book we take.
The sands of time move slowly in the hour-glass of life,
But not on the desert's drifting sands, where bloodshed is and strife.
Out from the cruel, lashing sting of the world's merciless hate,
The soul of a man to the desert came to grapple its chance with Fate.
Ruthless, daring, brutal and suave the outer husk became,
But deep down in his innermost heart, the man was just the same.
And so the drama unfolded for you is set where in days of old
Eastern kings of culture and wealth lay buried in tombs of gold.

Drifting sands and a caravan, the desert's endless space.
Lustrous eyes 'neath Eastern skies, and a woman's veilèd face.

Just One Hour

ALL of a lifetime, just in an hour, this one hour with you,
All of my yearning and my hopes fulfilled in my love for you.
Just in an hour I've pictured our lives, lived as we shall some day
When wars, sweetheart, and rumors of wars, have gradually faded away.
A little rose-covered cottage stands, far from the world's curious eye,
With only the stars and the moon at night, far up in the sky
To tell us that God is thinking of us, and knows our love is true;
This is what I've pictured, my dear, in just this hour with you.
Around the garden where the roses bloom, I can see two chubby hands
Holding a rosebud up to you, to a man who understands
The heart of a tiny, trusting child, whose dark-lashed eyes of blue
Remind you when you gaze at them of a dream that once came true.

A lifetime of love in this world of ours, and in
eternity, too,
For I'll be waiting there, my dear, with my arms
outstretched for you.
Just one hour to tell you my love, when thou-
sands of years should be
Lived in the great understanding love that exists
for you and me.
So when at dawn you hear my voice calling to
you, sweetheart,
Know that nothing that life may hold shall ever
keep us apart.
If just one hour must suffice, and the rest may
never unfold,
My love and my soul shall be yours, dear heart,
for the ages still untold.

Death:

THE one you seek lies far beyond, oh Mother
with eyes so wild:
You ask of Death a question old, "What have
you done with my child?"
My frozen lake in the moonlight clear, taking
your tears, one by one,
Turning them into crystal dear, knows that your
quest is done.

Mother:

Oh Death, then you must ferry me over to yon-
der shore,—
My tears shall melt the frozen lake,—
And carry me evermore on your silent shrouded
sweeping boat.
Oh Death, I implore you, yield:
I must reach the isle where my baby lies;
He needs love to shield him from the storm and
stress of life on a foreign strand.
Death, a Mother calls to you, oh pityingly take
my hand.

Death:

If I grant you this boon, oh Mother mild, just
one look at your child must suffice.

You then must leave with me
Your heart as a pledge and a memory
Of the kindness of Death whose lake you crossed,
When, on one stormy night,
Your life's compass was lost.

Mother:

Here is my heart, oh Death. I willingly give it to you.
If I can't have my little child, there's naught for my heart to do.

Death:

I'll take you over the frozen lake, for with my icy breath
I've changed your mortal body and mind into a likeness of Death.

Eternal Motherhood:

And so you have come to the Eternal Shore, little Mother, so mild,
Searching with tear-dimmed, sorrowful eyes,
For the one last sight of your child.
Here is the rosebud garden, where the rosebuds never grow
Into the roses that fully bloom. Now in the plot below

There is a little rosebud; perhaps if you come with me,
Looking at my rosebuds, your own sweet rosebud you'll see.

Mother:

Do you know the baby that came to me just for a little while?

Motherhood:

Yes, I know the rosebud, but you must try to smile and not let the tears fall on it, or with blight it will slowly die.
This is the garden from whence its seed was wafted from on high.

Mother:

Is that the rosebud yonder in that tiny bed?
Just a little pink rosebud,
Holding its sleepy head.

Motherhood:

Yes, little Mother, that is your rosebud there,
Fragile, weak, in the moonlight,
A delicate rosebud fair.
It was planted in love and beauty,
But its stem was weak, I fear,
But if the Gardener can tend it,
I know it will grow, my dear.

Mother:

Then I may leave my rosebud, that was my
little babe,
In your tender keeping, and no more feel afraid?

Motherhood:

You may leave to the Gardener who plants these
rosebuds here
Your own frail little rosebud, and never again
have fear
That the storm that shatters the full blown rose
will touch its tender stalk,
For in the garden of rosebuds, my dear,
An eternal Mother doth walk.

I Am a Star

THE wise men followed my light in ages long gone by, and trusting in its guidance, found the Babe in manger lowly. I was a new-born star that night, quickened into being by the unquestioning faith of the heart of man.

Years rolled away. My light still shone in the heavens, though dimly, for I searched in vain among the hearts of mortals on the sphere called "Earth" for the simple and unwavering trust that would make my brilliance once more dazzle the vast and starry way, as on that night when the shepherds watched their flocks.

Dimmer and dimmer grew my radiance. Searching ever, my faint light strayed one night over a sandy beach, nestling among rocky cliffs, waves lapping the shore. Sheltered by the kindly night, I found two souls, united by a great love and faith, such a one as I had searched for these long years, saying good-bye. The dark cloud of destiny hung low in the heavens, and these two mortals, with a childlike faith in the great beyond, where the cruel, destructive forces that part those who are now one are barred forever, entered with me into the vast

understanding of Truth. The waves lapped the sandy shore, the night grew darker, as though its very mantle 'twould cover over the injustice of circumstances, the travail of two hearts.

Brighter and brighter grew my rays; I had found that which I had searched for so many years in vain. I had found "The Holy Grail." My light dazzled the heavens, the dark cloud of destiny faded, and vanished.

I alone ruled the firmament, ebb tide and the evening star. On the sand, on the shore, I traced these words:

"My soul has lost its mate.
My life is empty—void.
The loneliness of years to be—Oh God!
No hand to touch, no loved voice to hear.
Just memory to bring you near.
'Tis death in life. My dear! My dear!"

The River

A GREYISH mist, smoke, the heat of June,
the murmuring swish of the paddle wheel,
Outlines of boats in the distance, then a small
craft pursuing its course down the river.
Cool flowing river! How calmly it flows on
seaward.
Stately mansions of splendor ever look down on
the river,
Green banks with shady trees mingle their
colors together.
How like unto life is this river of motion, going
on, on forever,
Fed by streamlets of hidden sources,
Taking the whole, unrefined in its courses, meeting the ocean.
Cool flowing river! Youth journeys onward,
Unchecked so long, with unrestricted impulses,
Like to a river its banks overflowing, leaves in
destruction its pathway unknowing.
To some come grey days and tears, murmurs of
sorrow:
Onward the mortal goes, upward the course
pursues,
More peaceful the journey.

Enriched by streamlets of hidden wisdom,
Refined in the pathway, meets God in devotion.
Leaves a white trail on the grey of life's river,
And calmly flowing goes on toward the ocean.

Man:

SOMETHING seems familiar about this pathway and this pool. Do you not feel it so, my beloved?

Woman:

'Tis so—an unknown roadway. Yet the very trees and the water lilies in the pool give me a feeling of something I know—or have lived through before.

Man:

We seem to have been on an endless journey through so dense a forest. When I met you in the Garden of Souls, and the gardener told us to follow the poplar trees to the Pool of Remembrance, I knew then who you were.

Woman:

Yes, it seemed as though the scales dropped from our eyes, and we stood revealed.

Man:

If we had only known on Earth that we would meet again, and know each other, we could have withstood the torture of parting in a spirit of renunciation that would not have so torn our souls.

Woman:

Verily so, 'tis strange how I feel, not my soul that walks alone, but yours too. As though two halves become a perfect whole and yet were separate.

Man:

And so you speak for me, beloved, so you speak for me, for I am of the same kind as you.

Woman:

It grows clearer around the pool—see the water lilies, and the water—clear,—crystal clear.

Man:

A spirit rises from the water, or is it the mist clearing away? My eyes see but dimly, my beloved.

Woman:

The mist takes shape, my dearest, and methinks it comes toward us. Harken!

Spirit:

Have no fear, travelers, the Garden of Souls hath told me of your journey here, and I must take you to the Pool of Remembrance before you go unto the joys that await you.

Man:

And you, forsooth, would be?

Spirit:

The Spirit of the Pool of Remembrance; but come with me, oh souls of Earth who have suffered, but who, through travail and separation, have been once more brought before the Great Giver's domain that reaches far and wide, and hath no bounds, no end, and no more pain.

Woman:

You, too, oh Spirit of the Pool of Remembrance, seem familiar unto me. In life I've heard your voice. I know those accents quiet—hushed.

Spirit:

Yes, verily you would, oh woman, nobly planned. You have heard my voice full many times and you heeded it full well on earth. I'm called by just one name, but crushed ofttimes and so quite soon forgotten.

Man:

And this, the name on Earth you bear, oh Spirit of the Pool?

Spirit:

My name on Earth is Conscience.

Woman:

And oh! how oft I've heard your voice.

Spirit:

Yea, and obeyed it too. Come now to your reward within the pool. We journey to the heart of the water lily. Follow me.

Man:

Can we journey where we will by merely wishing so?

Spirit:

Naught of the Kingdom of the Giver of Life will ever be closed to you, or to your beloved by whose side together in eternity you two shall aye abide.

Woman:

The water lily's heart, oh 'tis of pure gold, and strangely fashioned is its root.

Spirit:

I have brought you to the Pool of Remembrance, oh soul of a woman rare, to see the water lily, where all your life on Earth has taken root and bloomed, and now floats on the clear surface of the Pool of Remembrance—a thing of beauty, exquisitely fashioned, growing more beautiful every year.

Man:

Do the water lilies ever die?

Spirit:

No, the Pool of Remembrance springs from the well of life, and the water lilies from the deeds of the souls on Earth who follow my voice.

Woman:

But where are those who fail to follow you, oh Spirit of the Pool of Remembrance?

Spirit:

Still at the bottom of the pool, they have no roots and until they heed my voice, I cannot bring them to the surface to drink the water of happiness and freedom.

Woman:

But we in life were separated though loving much, and naught was of our fault. We strove for others, thinking naught of self, oh Spirit.

Spirit:

Full well I know each sting. If you look but closely into the water lily that has been my guide you will see the marking on the stem by which you gradually the surface of the pool did gain.

Man:

And why have we been allowed to journey in the world apart, and then be joined in this, your world, oh Spirit?

Spirit:

The plan of your two lives will soon be revealed to you, the farther you journey through the Master's wide domain, but contented be that you have gained the surface of the Pool of Remembrance in the Master's kingdom. He passed by and saw the lilies blooming there and smiled, and said, "Well done, they shall have all their heart's desire, send them on."

Woman:

And we then shall ne'er parted be, oh my beloved, thus our dreams come true.

Spirit:

Yea, verily, your souls go on and on, and shall be one—not twain—and greater joys await than you could ever dream of in your earthly state.

Man:

The pool has so few lilies, oh Spirit of this realm.

Spirit:

Full well I know why that should be, oh man and woman. On Earth my voice called Conscience is heeded now and then, but quickly silenced. If those souls on Earth but knew the

depths that they by their acts are sending these their roots, that are their souls, oh they would take heed from very selfish motives e'en.

Woman:

The voice of Conscience is a babe, methinks.

Spirit:

Yea, verily you speak, the voice of Conscience must be cared for or 'twill cease to speak or live, and so you may go on your way. The pathway was of thorns on Earth, but all around you here are roses, orchids, lilies, trees, and birds—beauty. All is here, and side by side on the pool there will float for the Master's watchful eye, your water lilies of deeds on Earth, and He will smile as He passes by.

Ecstasy: To Frank La Forge

MOONLIGHT o'er calm flowing water,
bathing in silvery gleam,
A fleeting glimpse of memory, an intangible
haunting dream
Of the ever elusive fragrance of the freshly
blown rose,
Of the faint and tender wooing that wind
through the poplar blows,
Of tones that dripped like water through fingers
gently drawn
From the laughing brook at dawning while
mellow sun rays shone,
Of northern lights that sparkle on the dewy
frosted plain,
Of the lonely heart in sorrow, echoing a minor
strain.
Then through the mist of illusions there flowed a
sustaining power
That pierced the mind of the dreamer, and
immortalized that hour
When the soul, transported by harmony played
by the Master's hand,
Sensed, unfettered, the infinite joys that only
the few understand.

Judge:

YOU seem weary, oh Spirit of Justice.

Spirit:

Disillusioned, and discouraged, oh Judge of Creation. On the sphere called "Earth," given to the highest of the Creator's creatures, great suffering exists. Blindly, these mortals, secure in their so-called civilization, mete out what they deem justice.

Judge:

It grieves me to hear of man's travail, oh Spirit. The Creator made man that he might inherit the Earth, and the good things thereof.

Spirit:

Man has mocked the mighty plan, oh Judge of Creation. He sets himself upon a high pedestal, creating wars and death. Man ordains that man shall die at the hand of the mightiest of the Creator's forces.

Judge:

Man would destroy his weaker brother?

Spirit:

Yea, verily. If man takes a life, his brothers with due deliberation forever cast that soul (the

murderer, so termed on Earth) back into the unknown from whence it sprang.

Judge:

Man would dare do this, oh Spirit of Justice? How truly blind is man.

Spirit:

Oh Judge of Creation, I seek to influence the souls of men, that they may use mercy toward the erring troubled soul, who has through physical laws, governing his mortal body and mind, strayed from the mighty path of truth; vainly do I try to point out the diseased minds of men who commit these dark deeds, asking for laws which would cure the mind, not destroy the poor mortal frame that houses it.

Judge:

Is there no great soul of vision, who knows the cause of man's crime toward his present ideal of law and order?

Spirit:

Methinks 'twould be man's mate, woman. She who gives life would know whereof I speak. Women on Earth do not hold the reins of justice, but 'tis said, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Judge:

Truly you speak, oh Spirit. In the beginning, man and woman—created equal—shared the high honor that life on Earth would give woman, great her heritage,—the mother of men.

Spirit:

You would advise that my spirit be given to woman, then, oh Judge of Creation?

Judge:

Yea, verily, the mothers of men who give life must inherit the spirit of justice. Through many years the tiny babes, suckled at their mothers' breasts, learning justice from their lips, tolerance toward men, loving their neighbors as themselves, will grow into manhood and womanhood, secure in the great truths of life and death.

Spirit:

Many generations will come and go before thy word may come true.

Judge:

Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.

Spirit:

I travel back to Earth, to the soul of woman, oh Judge of Creation.

Judge:

Be of great faith, oh Spirit of Justice; man has not yet fulfilled his destiny.

Spirit:

Justice must still be blind, oh Judge of Creation.

Judge:

Yea, verily, until man's inner vision breaks the bonds asunder.

My Little House

My Little House

ADOWN a shady roadway, there's my little
house of dreams,
Where you and I together live, and oh! so real
it seems.
I live the days there all alone, with ever the
thought of you
To keep me bravely smiling, for I know your
love is true.

Then when the night creeps slowly in, I close
the shutters tight,
And sing to you the songs you loved, by the
fire's amber light.
In silvery gleam the moon's bright beam is shin-
ing up above,
Caressing, in its solitude, the little house I love.

The world clangs on around me, the turmoil of
the day
Is ever near to mar my joy, to keep my dreams
away.
But the little house still beckons, I can go there,
and I do,
For when I cross its threshold, some one whis-
pers—"I love you."

Death:

WHO goes there with faltering step and tear-dimmed eye?

Life:

'Tis Life, and you have taken me within your icy grasp.

Death:

You are afraid of Death. Your face is blanched, your soul shrinks from me. 'Tis well. I have need of such as you to keep the roadway as I watch the throng, the cowardly throng, pass by. How deeply doth my scythe cut into the hearts of those who place security in you, oh Life. I laugh at you. Why do you cringe before my gaze? Speak—faltering Life.

Life:

Your brother, Fear, has made me what I am —a coward. I cannot see the gateway. I cannot see around you and your scythe. The air is cold, you freeze me with your breath.

Death:

Life—afraid of Death. I should give unto you the name of Fear, not Life. Thou seest

naught beyond the gateway of the vale of tears, poor soul. How cold must be my breath to freeze the tears and close the eyelids so they may not see the valley just beyond.

Life:

I know not whereof you speak, there is no valley. Oh Death, unloose your grasp. Give me back one fleeting moment of the pulse of me. You have eternity, I but one life; I ask of thee, Death, touch me not, Fear—away. A coward I may be, but if I can have the boon of just one moment in the other sphere from whence I came. Oh grant me this, Death, I plead with thee.

Love:

And plead in vain, oh Life.

Death:

What do you here, oh Love?

Love:

I came to mock you, Death.

Death:

Mock me? Do you not see the crown upon my head? Have you no fear of Death?

Love:

Fear of you? Why, Death, you are a puppet and you have no crown save of your own

imagining. There is no Death nor Fear. Your ever-clinging brother is but a thought. Why, he vanishes when I do smile at him.

Life:

'Tis so, oh Love, you've vanquished Fear, the vale seems clearer now.

Love:

The eyes of life need love to make them see. Death, you know I have no fear of you. Stand aside. The gateway is beyond, oh Life, and I shall lead you through.

Death:

Unless Death goes with you, and takes you through the deep, dark valley, you shall never know what lies beyond.

Love:

For once you speak the truth, oh Death; I shall now embrace you as a friend. Now traveling thence with you for just a second of the time we call eternity, we three shall enter your dark valley and find what lies beyond.

Love laughs at Death. Come on Life, be not afraid. Death is cold when by his side rides

Fear, but see when Love stands guard, Death is ever warm and pleasant.

Life:

How blind I've been, a fool to even think of Fear.

Love:

Life and Love go hand in hand. Death, we've passed your valley. You may leave us now.

Death:

Think not I cannot rule the other souls of Life?

Love:

Not when they have Love to help them through the vale.

Life:

Oh Love, the valley now I see, so peaceful in the great beyond.

Love:

Life and Love, Fear and Death passing through the vale of tears at eventide.

Her Jewel Box

SHE called it her Jewel Box, a simple, yet comely thing, fashioned of old ivory, with bow knot for ornament. Her Jewel Box! I peeped beneath the covers thinking to discover jewels rare—an emerald or pearl; but I found such trivial things—a bootie, and sock—a silver spoon—a baby's curl. The sun shone through the window lighting up the room,—its rays caught the baby's curl, and turned it then to purest gold; and lo—within the Jewel Box—rubies, emeralds, lustrous pearls were there in countless numbers.

Her Jewel Box! Gently I closed the ivory door to treasured memories, feeling a culprit in my very soul wherein another soul had mirrored; —with that stolen glance at treasures of a woman's heart, jewels, sapphire, emerald, pearl, —but sweeter far, a baby's curl.

Wayfarer:

OVER the valleys deep and dark and cruel, I've been climbing all day, many days, nights. Then there loomed another mountain higher than the last. I never saw the sun, I just kept climbing, climbing, climbing.

Truth:

And yet, forsooth, with brow and face serene and placid, as though you had with faltering steps that pathway found, that leads to the way, the only way.

Wayfarer:

'Tis so, but who might you be? Your face seems strangely familiar, and yet there is a something, not tangible, that makes me think you are unknown to me.

Truth:

Well, my friend, it was to know me better you have climbed the hills and walked among the valleys and taken the steep and rugged paths over hill and dale, rocks and briars, through the storms.

Wayfarer:

Is this the truth you speak?

Truth:

I speak whereof I am, I stand before you, soul from Earth. I am the Truth.

Wayfarer:

But why is it that you have hid your face from me so long? I have oft met you. Why, I know your form so well, but your face, the light upon your face. No, it is a new creature you would be.

Truth:

Nay, not so, Wayfarer. You have reached the summit and you see the valleys far below. The sun overhead. Often in the valley I was with you, but you passed me by, thinking I was but a thing to scorn, and you knew better even then than I.

Wayfarer:

Yes, you speak wisely, Truth; I never knew, I found so many things to hide your face from me.

Truth:

Full well I know, the things of Earth so clog the mirror of the soul, the trivial things that men call laws and customs, creeds and so, and their mockery of the truth is strange and cruel. Would that man and woman fully grown could

but see the truth as it can be within the soul of a child, a tiny babe. Why, Truth and a child go hand in hand.

Wayfarer:

I have sought to find you.

Truth:

Full well I know, but within the wrong abides my friend. Your heart must needs have told you many times I was not there when you searched among the things of Earth, the fleeting things of inconsequential worth. All these have held you back and made each hill much higher than the last.

Wayfarer:

But may I hold you now within my heart?

Truth:

Yes, Wayfarer, only though if you become as a little child can you enter into the heart of Truth.

His Idol

HE called it his idol, a crystal figure there
Smiling at him from the mantel, fragile, exquisite, rare.
The flickering light of the fire showed the sardonic grin
Of an evil-looking devil, a carvèd jade, called Sin.
If such a thing as sin can be, thought the master with soulful eyes
As he gazed at his love, his idol, who used a heavenly guise.
Gleefully laughed the devil, as he cleverly planned a scheme
Where the wind would be his weapon, and give to him his dream
Of a broken and shattered idol, the crystal crushed and gone,
The idol the master worshiped, on which the firelight shone.
Night came, the wind in its fury through the open window blew,
Just as the jade devil planned it, and so his dream came true;

And now upon the mantel in glory he sits with
a grin,
Thinking he smashed the crystal, with his leering
knowledge of sin.
Just a broken idol, the pieces of crystal clear,
Were loved by the heart of the master, his idol
—priceless—dear.
Tenderly taking the broken glass he mended it
bit by bit,
But the spark from the fire had touched its
soul, it was tarnished, most of it.
So now on the mantel in sadness the idol stands
pitifully drear,
For the flames have scorched the crystal that was
once so pure and clear.
But the heart of the master who loved it cher-
ished the idol still,
For love will go where it wants to, it cannot be
guided at will.

Guardian of Souls:

'TIS strange, oh Temptation, how in your motley you fool the souls of Earth. I send so much to them to make them understand exactly your true worth, and yet with saintly guise, and downcast eyes, you go about your cursèd way, leaving naught but plagues behind you. You choose a woman's form, so beautiful to look upon, but within you burns a flame so strong that once you kindle just one spark within a mortal's breast, his heart is wrung. Temptation, you may be on your way. I seek repose to ponder o'er the road of life, for I'm the Guardian of Souls.

Temptation:

And why should I not wear the guise I choose, oh Guardian of Souls? Forsooth, my kingdom is a queenly one, 'tis bounded with the sun, wherever it doth shine. There is but one kingdom whose ruler I may fear but mortals do not care to have its king too much within their power, for fear they would in some short space of time lose their own.

Guardian of Souls:

And where doth this kingdom lie, cruel one with form divine and snake-like movements, fawn-like eyes, that seek to lure their prey?

Temptation:

You cannot hurt me with your clairvoyant gaze into the soul of me, for only you are well aware of the creature I would be, were truth to change my shape into the real me. This kingdom that you speak of is but small but ruled with mighty sway by a king whose name is Will, and no more powerful monarch e'er exists than he.

Guardian of Souls:

This king may then be found upon the Earth, I ween.

Temptation:

No, upon the plane of thought, oh Guardian of Souls. You sit so circumscribed within your golden dome of beauty that you have ceased to know the things that subtly claim your souls on Earth. Full many score years ago there wandered for a space a man called Jesus. He did teach such things as you should well remember.

Guardian of Souls:

Knowing so to whom you speak, you dare to mention with your lips, that crush the life of souls He died to save, the name of Jesus? Begone, Temptation, I shall seek this ruler, on the plane of thought, and fight with him to jeopardize your dastardly and cruel plans and make them come to naught.

Temptation:

I worry not; when man is weak, Temptation always rules, Temptation has a kingdom large called "The Harborage of Fools."

LOOK yonder in the grove, oh Toiler from the masses on Earth, see the young birch trees, gleaming in silvery radiance in the moonlight. Each birch, symmetrical, fashioned after its brother in the other row, seeming but a counterpart yet bearing its burden on a separate root, making the grove of young birch trees in the Master's garden a glorified whole.

'Tis true in life, toilers among men, each like unto his brother, yet with separate souls upon which waves of sorrow and pain leave inundations time can never erase.

In the Master's grove each young birch rears its slender limbs toward the sun, knowing it must grow and beautify the spot wherein its roots lie planted; nourished by the gentle rains, fed by Nature's hand. Thus each birch in separate glory makes the whole, knowing full well that were its little spot on earth lacking its beauty, the grove would then be saddened by its loss.

Contentment is the breeze that plays among the silvery leaves within the Master's garden. Not so on Earth, oh Toiler. The master of the

Earth's masses sees only the entire whole, the toiling, cringing, struggling, beaten whole.

He seeks to mould them nearer to his heart's desire that through their weary, downtrodden, harried driven selves they will as automata become and grinding out the treasures from the Earth's recesses give wealth untold unto the master's already overflowing coffers.

The Toiler's soul! Why jest, he has no soul. Work is his God, bread his only aim. Drive him on and on until his brain is numbed, and habit on his will alone can claim a hold. Toilers in the world of men, the Master of the grove knoweth all your pain, and he would have you know there are many vacant places within the garden where you may some day find the tiny seed that is your soul, in deep and hallowed ground well planted and slowly breaking through the upper crust of earth, that man has made like rock to keep you down.

ONE evening, being somewhat troubled in spirit, I wandered from a deserted roadway in the country.

It was Autumn. At this time of the year a feeling of sadness always permeates my entire being. A strange melancholy unrest—the sense of the departure of Summer, the bare limbs of the trees, the flowers that embodied the very essence of life, gone—the songs of the birds hushed, the hum of the bees, that drowsy complacency of the Summer days,—all vanished as though Death had placed her streamers of mourning on the doorway of Nature.

Suddenly I was standing near an old ruin. It seemed to rise before me in the gathering dusk, even as one is subconsciously aware of an intruder in a darkened room.

Ruins, how symbolical of all my abode in this transitory life. Nature echoed back my thoughts, it too was dead. No buds graced the stalks, no leaves the trees, sheltering birds' nests wherein tiny feathered creatures preparing for their first flight lay cuddled 'neath their mothers' downy breasts.

The ruins, a few stones where once had been an edifice of stately proportions; such thoughts as these created a funeral dirge in my ears. As I solemnly gazed at the ruins, methought dust to dust and ashes to ashes, would my soul, if such a mortal possessed, be like unto this desolation? Would oblivion be the end of all the pain and suffering? It seemed in contemplation that the Sower of Seeds had with cruel cunning cast me from his hand to grow where rocks and thistles would abound in countless numbers.

Thus my early growth so stunted would never reach full bloom or blossom as the other seeds. Dejected, forlorn and alone, I stood among the ruins,—with seeming frenzy as though reason had departed to a distant land, leaving my mind like a ship riding with full head of sail, the steersman lashed to the wheel. I muttered silently at first, then with a desperate leering tone the words, "Alone, alone, alone."

Suddenly, while in this mood of morose reflection upon the state of man here on Earth or in the world to come, if such there would be, there arose from the ruins a white smoke curling upward toward the heavens, undulating, rhythmic whirls of smoke—wreaths soaring to the

midnight blue of the darkening sky. Then to my peering gaze there shot across the smoke wreath a vivid flame, that in one tense moment transformed the white vapors into an ethereal form. I stood transfixed among the ruins, unconscious of my earthly form, feeling a complete sense of isolation from all material things, that there stood looking a part of me, with a deep gaze that penetrated the utter pathos of my loneliness. The spirit in a voice calm and prophetic, with tones that fell on my ears as soothing to my troubled soul as the lullaby to the babe whose tiny form is lulled to rest, spoke to me thus.

Spirit:

I am the Spirit of Creation, and unto you I speak a parable. Lo, from out the ruins there arose a spiral cloud of smoke, curling upward to the heavens. A flame destroyed the smoke wreaths, a spirit was born. *The Spark that kindled the flame wherein the Spirit was born will never go out.* But on through the endless æons from out the ruins there will arise the smoke wreaths of the past—the flame and the reborn spirit, until the ruins are no more. It has been said Heaven and Earth shall pass away but the spirit of truth shall live forever. Your soul is

here today and gone tomorrow. In your desolation, feeling the Sower of Seeds did plant your seed among the rocks, you have in blindness lost the roadway of perfect understanding. Through your growth among the rocks and thistles, you have in surviving become better fitted to blossom in another country where the scars of the jagged rocks in this land will be your rarest possession. In parting I leave you with these thoughts, oh soul seeking the light of day, that is only temporarily obscured by the darkness of the finite clouds of man's mind, being unable to penetrate those of the infinite. The tiny spark, once kindled, taking for a brief space the human form wherein to blaze into a living flame, never, never goes out.

The receptacle that houses the flame may be found among the ruins but in other finer, nobler forms, in ages still to be, within them hold the sacred flame that glowed on Earth a space. There, why these mournful thoughts of desolation, utter loneliness in contemplation of a future that unrevealèd is to you? Oh soul, the sower has many fields, the gardener many flowers that must in some vessel bloom and bloom. Such is birth and death, oh soul; of what avail to fear the tomb?

Father:

SO you too are held by the magic spell, stranger?

Stranger:

I have traveled the world over, Father, studied art, in many climes, but I must admit, I never gazed on such a canvas before—such consummate artistry.

Father:

Yes, stranger, my Chapel holds many paintings, but each day I marvel afresh at the spiritual glory emanating from the face of the Nun.

Stranger:

The name of the painting, "Faithful Until Death." How tragic! I should love to know the story of the Nun's life. Surely, Father, such a painting had an inspired touch.

Father:

You have spoken wisely, stranger. Truly you look beneath the superficial pigment's in life's canvas.

Stranger:

I am ever seeking beauty, Father. Too many walk with their eyes on the ground. The azure

of the sky, the bird soaring high, with outspread pinions; the crimson glow of the sun, painting with the Master's brush the fleecy clouds, at sundown; the frail seedling, scattering in the wind, seeking its new nesting place; the Autumn leaves, tolling the funeral knell of Summer as they rustle on the lawn. Mortals seem blind to God's messengers, oh Father.

Father:

Truly, I would care to tell you the story of my painting. Would you solemnly vow that you will keep it only as a treasured memory, stranger?

Stranger:

I make my vow, Father, as you command.

THE STARRY WAY

Soldier:

WHERE am I?

Soul:

On the battlefield.

Soldier:

Who are you? I seem to know you.

Soul:

I am your soul; follow me. Tread lightly on the fields where poppies grown, lest you waken those who sleep.

Soldier:

You would take me away from my comrades?

Soul:

Far away to the high places, where I have dwelt. See yon star? That was my abode before I came to dwell with you. My pathway lies among the stars; you must not hold me back.

Soldier:

Have I held you back from the starry way?

Soul:

No, your vision has been far-reaching, soldier, but I would prepare you,—suffering lies before

you,—suffering that will hide the starlight, bringing total darkness. Behold before you, soldier, the battlefields, the crosses row on row, white in the moonlight.

Soldier:

I see no crosses, there, only cradles I behold, oh soul.

Soul:

Your vision is true, soldier; each grave is a cradle, where once a babe was rocked, each grave is an emblem of tortured motherhood. What see you now, soldier?

Soldier:

A vast tablet, on the top of your high mountain, formed of the crosses being borne thither by a great multitude of men and women, who leave their crosses there, then disappear in the greyish mist enveloping the mountain.

Soul:

Truly keen is your perception, soldier. I shall unfold to you the inscription on the tablet, and in turn engrave it on your heart: "The soul, whither it comes or whither goest, who knows? Housed for a brief space within the mortal frame it ever seeks to find the starry way. You who

have traveled the pathway, bearing your crosses cheerfully, finding solace in the everlasting arms lifting the burden, have learned the great truth. Earthly possessions, if closely hugged to the heart, choke the artery of infinite understanding. Naught of material wealth may go through the mist. The true wealth, love, sacrifice, beauty, charity, faith, and service, gained by the soul, in its struggle to reach the starry way, become as wings, bearing it upward, onward, through the mists into the realm of infinity. Mortals, seek ever the starry way, and all else will be added unto you."

Haven

A WEARY pilgrim passed by my door at dusk. His face seemed strangely familiar. I spoke no word but within my soul burned a flame—a flame of desire that could only be quenched by the stranger's presence within my lowly abode. He turned and in gazing full upon me I was struck by the hopelessness of utter failure that emanated from his countenance. Failure—not in a worldly sense, I deemed, but that which arises from a lonely soul that knows no haven wherein to rest and find peace. We spoke no word of greeting. 'Twas as though in the utter solitude of the dying rays of the setting sun casting their glow o'er mountain and valley, two kindred souls, robbed of earthly vestments, met in a world of understanding all their own. The world-worn traveler broke bread with me, within my humble dwelling place.

As the shadows of evening closed, in the flickering candle light, mingling with the glow from the giant maple logs that even in becoming dying embers seemed to retain their former splendor, the stranger opened his book of life—and unto me his heart.

Stranger:

A soldier of fortune, I have traveled many lands, in many ports my ship has cast its anchor, finding naught to retain it in any one. Thoughts of home and one who loved silently would sometimes hold me within their spell, but ever the varying winds of desire tossed my bark once more upon the vast sea of Adventure. I seemed ever searching for a port—a haven—wherein my boat might sail in calm waters. I searched in vain.

Still the lure of lands unseen, luscious fruits, untasted, clung to me, forcing my weary feet to travel on and on, in search of what I knew not. Vaguely from out the molten mass of experience I glimpsed a concrete, finished whole. A something tangible yet elusive.

Years went by, lonely years on foreign soil. A stranger ever—even to myself—seeking, ever seeking, that which I could not name but sensed existed, until as I neared the summit of the mount of forgotten dreams whose highest peak had always held my stifled yearnings, my fulfillment all unknown to me, I found my haven—too late. I had traveled lands afar seeking that which lay at my hand ere my travels began. I

had searched for treasures rare, while that which was beyond price lay within my reach. A weary, disillusioned traveler on the road of life, I had found my haven. A haven of rest and peace, joy and fulfillment in the understanding sweetness of a woman's love. The scales from my eyes were torn asunder in one glimpse into her soul through eyes—eyes, like pansies under water. My haven.

And thus as his book of life closed I folded the weary pilgrim to my heart, for I am BIRTH and DEATH and LOVE.

The Little Star

LITTLE STAR, on the far horizon, beckoning to me with a guiding light, even as the friendly gleam from the lighthouse tower, I stretch my arms up to you, I, the oak, the strong oak, on the hill. Strength has been fostered by my roots, my soul is buried deep in a foundation of courage, but tonight, little star, I am weary;—tired of being an oak, alone, facing the strong winds, the rains, the storms, and the winter snows.

Many little trees have been sheltered in my embrace, they have delved into the roots of me, with their roots, gradually sapping the very heart of me. Still, I have braved the storms, faced the winds that strove to hurl the little trees downward to Mother Earth; until with care and protection they grew upwards, toward the sun, ever reaching down to me for added strength, to make them grow. But tonight, Little Star, I with unshed tears and crushed soul, reach up to you, call to you. I need fresh courage, hope and strength. Always I can find in stars a beacon that so radiates my weary, old, old soul. A beacon that delves into the depths of

my own being, refreshing each branch, and tiny vein, with its celestial radiance.

Alone, weary, weak, yet strong in that moment that comes to all brave oaks who stand on the hill alone, I stretch out my arms to you, knowing you will understand that, having given all, I must seek the well of sacrifice and beauty and understanding to drink deep, drink deep of the courage contained in its unending depths.

The oak so strong, relentless, prays thus to thee;
Little Star, silvery Star, all my courage see
Lying dead upon the grass, the silent grass below,
For only you and God alone, can ever really know
The depths of heartache suffered in my strong, yet feeble soul,
That weaker trees through my strength might reach their cherished goal.
Alone! Alone, I stand tonight high up on the hill, Little Star, silvery Star, praying thus to thee,
May no lack of my strength damage any tree.

The Summit

I REACHED the summit of the Mount of Knowledge at evening. On the highest peak shone the crystal dome of the home of the great teacher. A perfect calm pervaded all.

The distant peaks where glaciers held the last mellow rays of the setting sun seemed to send a warmth of welcome. My body was unconscious of fatigue—my mind vitally alive—aware that my cherished goal for which I had sought these many years was now within my reach.

Somewhat timidly I approached the portal where seekers of the truth had made a well-worn doorstep. Stepping within, I saw seated on a low divan a man about whom were grouped many souls. Spell-bound by the magic voice of the learned philosopher, I heard these words:

"And so to you, discouraged souls of Earth, whose trials and tribulations have been many, I bring consolation. Feeling that all has been in vain, you have become somewhat disillusioned; the beauteous iridescence of the bubble called life has vanished. Life seems a barren waste, an endless desert upon which, after all your patient years of sowing, nothing grows. How

well I know your suffering, my comrades. Take heart; you have reached the summit of understanding on the mountain of life.

"To each of you gathered here has been given the pearl of great price. I speak of 'Love.' There are many kinds of love. Rare indeed is real love, love that boasts not of self, possesses not the loved one. You weary souls have given your all, asking naught in return. The world has been made richer because you passed through. True, in lowly garb, in a humble way, you gave. Many saw only your outer garments, crude and worn. Few saw the eternal beauty of your souls. Such rare love so radiates those lives on whom it is shed that the glow, returning to the giver, becomes an aura of spiritual glory forever. You have not lived in vain; great is your reward."

Then I awoke. I had prayed that my problem would be solved, and in my dreams God answered.

The Shadowed Stairway

WHILE in meditation deep one day, my glance, unseeing at the start, did fall upon a building on which the sun cast shadows. A building, layer on layer of steel and stone, aspiring to reach the clouds, had blocked the sun's departing rays and cast a shadow of a stairway on the cold stone wall of such another framework, housing countless souls who toiled for daily bread. A stairway shadowed on a cold grey wall, but up above the greyish shade there shone the sun. The heaven's blue was overhead, light clouds, filmy clouds, that like unto the tulle gather in the bridal veil to fall in billowy folds about the bridal train; such clouds did amble peacefully across the sky, fluffy bits of beauty, tinted by the Master's brush of Nature, in gold and crimson hues. Then there stood revealed to me so suddenly as when with Spring departing thence she leaves the trees so bare for Autumn's yellow hand to touch, how like this shadowed picture was to life. The shadow of a stairway.

Thus we strive to reach our goals each day. We know not what the steps above may bring;

'tis hid, the future unrevealèd is. The stairway of life seems ever clinging to an old stone wall, until with the last steps we see the sunlight that we could but dimly glimpse as upward we did climb. Each step seems in the shadow, but behind the shadow is the sun, and around the sun is God's heaven, so we may take each step with courage and faith knowing full well that when the pinnacle is reached, the radiance of the sun will be there as great as when our day is done, and if we but stretch out our hands the clouds are there to touch.

Weaver:

WHO knocks so timidly on the door of my tower room, wherein I sit weaving the threads of life, in the gathering dusk and gloom?

Soul:

A lost and suffering soul begs entrance, oh Weaver of life's tangled threads.

Weaver:

You may enter, oh seeking soul, and perchance on my tapestry see the thread that you once wove when on earth you wandered free.

Soul:

Free! Free! Why mock me? You who with subtle touch wove my pattern with cruel intent. Oh, I've suffered overmuch.

Weaver:

Rest, suffering soul; I would have you see on the tapestry finished there, the scheme of things as 'twill be some day. You have no cause for despair.

Soul:

I am lost, oh Weaver of life's tangled threads, in a fog, so deep and grey. I can't see ahead nor

behind, all is drear. Won't someone show me the way?

Weaver:

He who gives me the thread of life made your pattern so fine and clear. 'Twas the other thread that tangled it all and broke your own, I fear.

Soul:

But why, oh Weaver of life's threads, should a pattern ruined be? Surely you and the Giver of threads could the broken pattern see.

Weaver:

Soul, you must know ere you journey your way, the task of the Giver of life. Then, with your vision of the infinite plan, you'll forget and forgive the cruel strife.

Giver:

Full well you have spoken, oh Weaver of life's tangled threads. In the gathering dusk and gloom, every word from your lips, oh lonely soul, fell on my ears like a tale so oft repeated that the monotony of its refrain dulls its meaning and sound, and naught is heard.

So many souls who pass through my tower room, where their thread of life must be broken before the new pattern is ready to be woven on the loom, bring with them the vision of the tattered pattern left behind. Seeing only here and there the tangled thread, they fail to conjure up the tapestry, the Master's tapestry, which with the Weaver's last thread drawn reveals it as a perfect whole. Oh soul, with all your threads awry, have faith, forsooth take heed of what I say. Two threads of life I gave into the Weaver's loom—the one, a frail silk thread and long; the other, strong, unbreakable, but short. For just one pattern, these two threads were woven side by side, when methought, to make the thread, the frail silk thread, much stronger, I did add another thread of fiber coarse. The strong unbreakable thread at this point was obscured. The pattern still woven with many threads of divers shapes and colors, but running like the cool flowing rivulet that hides its fern-topped course within the mountain's sylvan glades; the frail silk thread outlined with poignant beauty against the coarser background still pursued its way; forever seeking the strong background thread, the

shorter thread, that so enhanced the pattern at the start.

Life:

You speak in parables, oh Giver of life's threads. The frail silk thread was mine, the strong unbreakable but short, the soul I loved on Earth, and by whose side I traveled only such a brief but happy space.

Giver:

Soul, you have glimpsed the truth, and so within the tower room, I open unto you the tapestry, the Master's tapestry, that you may with clearer vision still foresee the finished whole.

Soul:

Giver of life's threads, I see; can I believe my eyes? The finished pattern, the same threads, go side by side, then join until they are but one, not two.

Giver:

Would that all those souls, who love as you have loved, and suffered by the tangled thread of Fate, could but dimly glimpse the Master's tapestry, then knowing that the finished pattern

would hold all their souls' desire, still fight bravely on. Oh, then, I would have no cause to grieve.

Soul:

But you, why should you grieve, oh Giver of life's threads?

Giver:

I grieve, and mark you this full well, I grieve that I, so wisely knowing just the threads to weave into the pattern of the Master's tapestry, should ever hear the loom's refrain—the song it sings and echoes back again—"If other threads were given me—what might have been! What might have been!"

The Closed Door

THE great Cathedral was silent: a solitary figure knelt in prayer. Dusk came, the lighted candles on the altar flickered, giving only tiny points of flame. They, too, seemed in meditation.

The stained glass window near the kneeling figure seemed to glow with eternal light, that never was on sea or land. A shepherd stood beside a pool, sheep grazing in the distant fields. The kneeling figure, as though touched by an unseen hand, gazed upward, into the calm face of the shepherd, the father of a flock, who would from the ninety and nine that were safe seek the one that was lost. Tenderly the shepherd lifted the woman saying: "Little Mother, you ask a gift so rare for your child. Your request demands that his soul, through the crucible of sacrifice and pain, discarding in the flames of anguish all that is dross, should be transformed to pure gold. Look deep in the pool, little Mother, look deep. Your child's life lays there before you. You ask for the gift divine. No ripple disturbs the surface of the pool, but deep, deep in the pool, there are the currents of emotion. Little

Mother, the soul of an artist is rare, priceless. Seeing the world through the eyes of an idealist, his heart will ever feel ingratitude, a deep, vague sense of humanity's utter lack of understanding. Seeing far beyond the finite into the infinite, finding the material forces of Earth, binding and corroding, seeking ever to give to the multitudes —his gift—he will blindly stumble over the steps on the ladder of the world's acknowledgment and acclaim. Look deep, little Mother, suffering is there, intense suffering, but with his soul, lacerated and bleeding through wounds that are quenched in the great silence known only to those who suffer, he will give to the world his gift, taking all who come before him into the immortal realm. Your prayers are answered, little Mother; the gift divine to your child is given."

What Is Love?

I ASKED a babe with deep blue eyes, "Pray tell me, what is love?" My finger was caught by a chubby fist, the sun shone up above. I asked a man, with silver'd hair, "Pray tell me, what is love?" My gaze was held by a strange, sad look, the clouds hung low above. And so through the world I journeyed, forever on my quest, but I could not find the answer, nor could my soul find rest. I asked the maid, the lover, too, the king, the low, the high, but naught availed my questioning, such counterfeit passed by. Still in some soul, an old, old soul, I fancied I could find a love that asked to give its all, was not mere myth of mind, and so I searched the highways of this sphere in spaces tossed, when in my final journeyings, some one's pathway I crossed, and the riddle that had lain unsolved for all these many years was answered as I entered through the clouded vale of tears.

BLIND

IT'S just my soul that aches, friend of mine. The lonely hours on the lonely road, nights of pain, without the coming of the roseate dawn of relief. No fleecy clouds go sailing o'er the sky, the azure peeking through, as though the clouds like curtains seek to hide its view on billowy folds.

No roses in full bloom, their petals clinging to my hand to make me understand that God is there within the garden, and He knows full well the depths of my despair—the eternal mystical night, peaceful, and yet withal foreboding. No sunset on the mountain peaks, glacier tipped, lighted by the sun's descending rays, as though in tinting his own celestial tapestry the Master's hand let fall the paint brush carelessly, in rarest daubs of crimsons, gold, and bluey greys. No stars, dear God, no stars to lighten with their message the dark days. A tiny twinkling star I carried with me into my eternal night, but it faded soon, and left me all alone—alone; and then the water in the brook, the tiny mountain rill, within the forest's shade, winding its way through mossy fern-decked

banks, with water that glistened in the sunlight as through my fingers it did run, like unto the clear sparkling diamond, or the frost upon the window pane on a moonlight night. No trees, whose leafy branches with their tiny veinèd leaves, brushing o'er my cheek, call out to me that Nature is so sweet, so fine and true.

I, like the rose petals of the full-blown rose, am drooping day by day. Each petal marks the fading of the courage I once knew, the petals drooping, one by one. Eternal night, you've gathered me unto your fold, I am your captive for the ages still untold; within your arms, so understanding and so kind, help me to be brave, oh Night—for I am blind, blind, blind.

ENTER into my embrace, lulled by the music of the wind playing through the pines and the sea—the muffled sound of the sea, like the tired babe with drowsy eyes, seeking the land of Nod, within its mother's restful arms.

Through the silken cobweb mesh, the azure of the sky, caressed by the rosy tints of sundown, lure you on like the milkweed fluff, floating idly on the wind, carried hither and thither, knowing naught of its final resting place, so you are carried in dreams, silently, stealthily, securely.

The rose petals line the road, the bees hum drowsily, the soft wing of a robin tenderly brushes your cheek, the clouds are yours to touch, the Earth vanishes in the mists of elusion. Down the river of forgotten things you float, the real you, the lovely you, that only for a space is housed within a mortal frame. Your fingers touch the water, clear water, sparkling with a thousand lights of all the stars, that shone since earth and sky were made.

Voices of others seem near, and yet afar. The boat goes on and time and space are lost in

oblivion, but far ahead lives the Haven of Dreams, the crystal hall of dewdrops gathered from the rosebuds at the first blush of dawn.

The door opens and you enter into the peace of the everlasting fulfillment. Music like the tones of myriads of full-throated nightingales singing their praises, wafted on the breeze, closes in upon your sense. Dream Haven, be mine forevermore. Then my soul leave far behind the cares and sorrows of the earthly plane, so far that were my hand outstretched to even touch the portals, 'twould take a thousand years and more to even mould the key to open unto me the door.

Dreams that lure me on, so silently you've won my soul, in you I dwell a recluse evermore.

Gardener:

WHY do you wander in my flower garden?

Soul:

Gardener, I am a disillusioned soul, seeking to find something tangible to cling to—something that may restore my faith.

Gardener:

You did well to come to my garden, weary Soul of Earth. Many thoughts are in my flowers. Through many years the souls of Earth, coming to my garden, through which they must pass before they reach the portals of the "Gate of Tears," have left their thoughts with me. I have moulded all these into my garden, and lo, many flowers of wondrous beauty have sprung therefrom.

Soul:

Thoughts of mortals turned to flowers, Gardener?

Gardener:

When the soul, leaving its mortal frame, comes through the dark valley of death into my

garden, it brings thoughts of the world it left behind. Sojourning awhile in my garden fair, these thoughts take form and as they are planted they grow into flowers rare.

Soul:

You have been with the flowers for centuries, oh Gardener?

Gardener:

Since the beginning of time, and before.

Soul:

There are so many thoughts, so many minds whose tangled skeins must make of your garden a maze.

Gardener:

When first my garden opened to the souls from Earth, I planted thoughts of kindness, truth, beauty, faith, and such like in one bed, from whence, in due season, there sprung roses red; then likewise, I did plant in other field the thoughts of souls, regretful souls with bitter thoughts—selfish, jealous thoughts—and there grew weeds.

Soul:

But so many flowers grow within this valley fair; I see the weeds, but mostly blossoms rare, Gardener.

Gardener:

Oh Soul, if disillusioned you may be, the thoughts on Earth grow better with the years. Have faith: great joy awaits you on the other side of the "Gate of Tears."

Soul:

Gardener, pray tell me what soul gave of its thoughts that orchids rare might bloom?

Gardener:

An orchid! You have chosen well, oh disillusioned Soul. A woman's soul, not so many moons ago, came through my garden gate, a tragic soul, crushed in life by Fate. Her thoughts were as crystal, clear, fragile, tender, drooping thoughts, but in their delicacy, holding charm and strength untold.

Soul:

Oh Gardener, the story of the orchid's birth I pray thee now unfold.

Gardener:

This gentle soul, that just in passing through my garden stirred the pulses of remembrance in the roots of all my flowers. Memories of life on Earth, a vibrant, glowing thing, that e'en in suffering was worth while ('twas the message it did

bring). You grow pale, oh disillusioned Soul; I weary you with tales of other flowers; perchance you would in other ways spend your garden hours.

Soul:

No Gardener, I pray thee, more of the orchid tell.

Gardener:

With gentle dovelike flutterings the thoughts of this fragile soul were wafted into yonder bed, and as the clouds that hide the Gate of Tears let fall the cooling rains, there bloomed this flower, and I named it orchid. The thoughts this soul had planted there were of steadfast love, so pure, of sacrifice and pain untold. An orchid, disillusioned Soul, was born in just this way.

Soul:

My thoughts are here before you, Gardener; where may they be laid?

Gardener:

An orchid, your twin soul, went on before you. Oh Soul, be unafraid; your thoughts I lay within this bowl, to rest until that day when, on the other side of the Gate of Tears, your love has found the way.

Youth:

AGE, tell me the secrets of love.
In your wisdom and experience rare,
Show me the way to forget my pain:
My bleeding heart lies there.
With an arrow, poisoned by a woman's smile,
Cruel and beautiful, too;
From the depths of despair I ask of thee,
What has love done for you?

Age:

Youth, rise up. Mother Earth is tired of your bowed head.
Youth, rise up. The flowers are crushed, trampled in their bed.

Youth:

Age, the tiny flowers seemed to know my poignant pain,
The woodland echoed my longing in the nighttime, in the rain.
I've traversed the lonely forest when the darkness eased the gloom
That was there, within the soul of me, like a musty, cold, grey tomb.

The mossy banks so cool and fresh were as balsam to my heart,
Torn asunder and bleeding, too, from an arrow's poisoned dart—
Fashioned from a tender smile and twin deep eyes of blue
That couldn't refrain from leading me on or never could be true.
The trees, oh God, I love them, so peaceful, complacent there:
I've knelt beside the tree trunks in the depths of wild despair.
Nature in all your glory reflecting the mind of all,
Love seems totally unknown to you,
You've missed its unfathomable gall.
Age, give me back the beauty that once my soul did share
With Nature. I'm disillusioned: "Give back my faith"—is my prayer.

Age:

Youth, you mourn for something you never had in your heart;
The thing you thought was love to you was only the

Painted image of the real, and then but poorly done.
I can understand your suffering, but those wounds in time will heal.
True, the scar will always remain, but the heart will feel
Quite differently in the years to come.
Mark you I, too, have known a love that was false and a love that was real,
But they, like the loved one, have flown to other realms;
I alone have lived to see love grow cold and understand
The beauty of love, when now I'm growing old.
You need not be disillusioned, my son; have faith in the years to be;
Some one else will take the place of the one who cruelly wronged thee.
Youth is crushed in its sorrow; you forget the dawn of tomorrow
May bring something to ease the pain that you chose to kill in the dark, in the rain.
Love, true love, is a priceless gem;
You find it sometimes, now and then.
It's rare and pure and eternal, too:

I think you'll find that love for you will be
found in another heart, my son,
When the years are longer and the first memory
done.
Youth, rise up, be of good cheer:
Love is for you, you have naught to fear.

Mother

THERE was the tiny rosebud, with petals
wet with dew;
God gathered it gently, fashioning the heart of
you.

. . . .

There was the pussy willow with downy silken
breasts;
God cherished its softness for the tiny head to
rest.

. . . .

There was the silver of starlight, gold from the
rays of sun;
God gave these unto woman, knowing His work
was done.

. . . .

There was the love of creation, a holy inspired
plan;
God giving this with His glory, made you the
mother of man.

THE DESERT'S ENDLESS SPACE

Drifting Sands and a Caravan

DRIFTING sands and a caravan, the desert's endless space.
Lustrous eyes 'neath Eastern skies, and a woman's veilèd face.

Brigands bold on their Arab steeds, trampling all in their wake,
From out of the mystic Eastern lore one page from the book we take.
The sands of time move slowly in the hour glass of life,
But not on the desert's drifting sands, where bloodshed is and strife.
Out from the cruel, lashing sting of the world's merciless hate,
The soul of a man to the desert came to grapple its chance with Fate.
Ruthless, daring, brutal and suave the outer husk became,
But deep down in his innermost heart, the man was just the same.
And so the drama unfolded for you is set where in days of old

Eastern kings of culture and wealth lay buried
in tombs of gold.

Drifting sands and a caravan, the desert's end-
less space.
Lustrous eyes 'neath Eastern skies, and a
woman's veilèd face.

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